

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
 But I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
 Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
 Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
 Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
 Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:
 He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
 And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
 A pouncet boze, which euer and anon
 He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,
 And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanly,
 To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarfe,
 Betwixt the wind and his Nobility,
 With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
 He questioned me: among therest demanded
 My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
 I then al smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so peffered with a Poppingay,
 Out of my griefe and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or he should not, for he made me mad
 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
 And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman;
 Of Guns and Drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:
 And telling me the soueraignest thing on earth;
 Was Parmacity for an inward bruse,
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,
 This villanous Saltpeter should be dig'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,
 He would haue been himselfe a Souldier.
 This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
 I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord
 What er'e *Harry Piercie* then had said
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and neuer rise,
 To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

King. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with prouiso and exception,
 That we at our owne charge shall rancome straight
 His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide,
 The liues of those, that he did lead to fight,
 Against the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,
 Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
 Hath lately married? shall our coffers then
 Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
 When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.
 No, on the barren mountaine let him sterue,
 For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall aske me for one pennie cost,
 To rancome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
 He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
 But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke
 When on the gentle *Seuernes* siedgie banke
 In single opposition hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an houre
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
 Vpon agreement of swift *Seuernes* flood.
 Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

B 3

Ran